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ALMAMEN;

—OR—

The Conquest of Granada.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY M. PHISTER.

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CINCINNATI:

1872.

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C H A R A C T E R S .

Almamen
Muza
Boabdil
Ximen
Ferdinand
Villena
Priest
1st Soldier
Leila
Isabel
Amine

Soldiers, Monks, Nuns, Guards, &c., &c.

Scene—*Granada.*

C O S T U M E S .

ALMAMEN—*1st dress*—A plain black robe, in fashion of Armenian gown, long and loose—tunic of bright scarlet—broad sword belt—small key hanging to belt—long, crooked and jeweled hilted dagger—black Jewish cap. *2nd dress*—complete suit of armor.
 MUZA—Snow white turban with long black plume—bright steel breast-plate, white cloak—jeweled scimeter. *2nd dress*—same, in dark colors.
 BOABDIL—Same as Muza, but richer.
 XIMEN—Long gown, Jewish cap, staff.
 FERDINAND—Armor and dress of Spanish knight.
 LEILA—Plain white dress for last act. *1st dress*—ad libitum.
 ISABEL—Queen's robes and head-dress.
 AMINE—Moorish female costume.

TMP96-007066

ALMAMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room and terrace of the Alhambra—several Moorish soldiers discovered—a sentinel passing to and fro.*

1st Soldier. Well my masters! I am growing weary of this siege; my bowels cry a truce to this fasting, and I verily believe that my niggard stomach would sell Granada for a piece of wholesome bread.

2nd Sold. Thy tongue is a greater niggard than thy stomach to say so; but peace, whom have we here? [*Looking off L.*]

3rd Sold. God is great! it is the enchanter Almamen.

2nd Sold. They say he hath locked up the spirit of Boabdil with the key of his spells. I would curse him if I dared.

3rd Sold. But they say that he hath promised that when man fails the genii will fight for Granada.

1st Sold. Gave he no encouragement for the inner man? was there no mention of any thing digestible in the contract?

3rd Sold. No, thou gourmand!

1st Sold. Gourmand! now do I look like a gourmand? I have eat nothing but my finger nails since the change of the moon. Ay, there content thee! [*Slaps his stomach.*] cease thy growling! God is great! what is, is! what shall be, shall be! but let's away. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Enter ALMAMEN L musing, pauses at C and leans against column.

Almamen. Was ever Aden more lovely? and shall so fair a spot be trodden by the victor Nazarene? humph! what matters it? thus it is ever: Creed chases creed, race chases race, until time comes back to its starting place.

[*Gazes long and earnestly on stars—MUZA approaches from behind unobserved.*]

Muza. [*Speaking after silence.*] Pretender to the dark secrets, is it in the stars that thou art reading the destinies of men and nations?

Alm. Prince, I was but considering how many revolutions which have shaken earth to its center, those orbs have witnessed unsympathizing and unchanged.

Muza. Unsympathizing! yet thou believest in their effect upon the earth?

Alm. You wrong me noble sir, you confound your servant with that vain race, the astrologers.

Muza. Fame lies to us then.

Alm. Fame never made pretense to truth. Allah be with you prince! I seek the king.

Muza. Stay! I have just quitted his presence, and left him, I trust, with thoughts worthy of the sovereign of Granada, which I would not have disturbed by a stranger—a man whose arms are not spear nor shield.

Alm. Noble Muza fear not that my voice will weaken the inspirations which thine hath breathed into the breast of Boabdil. Alas! if my counsel were heeded thou wouldst hear the warriors of Granada talk less of Muza, and more of the king. But Fate or Allah hath placed upon the throne of a tottering dynasty, one who, though brave, is weak, though wise, a dreamer. And you suspect the adviser when you find the influence of nature on the advised. Is this just?

[*Muza gazes at Almamen earnestly, then places his hand on his shoulder.*]

Muza. Stranger, if thou playest us false, think that this arm, which hath cloven the casque of many a foe, will not spare the turban of a traitor.

Alm. And think thou, proud prince, that I answer alone to Allah for my motives, and that against man my deeds I can defend. [*Exit Muza.*] Go thou proud tongued Saracen, and though thou wert twice called the Lion of Granada, know that Almamen, the son of Issachor, the Jew, will yet teach thee to kneel. I hate thee! first, because thou art a Saracen and persecutor of the Jews, and again I hate thee with a double hate, because I think thou lovest my daughter Leila; and, as I hate thee, I will poison the king's ear against thee, and when thou art gone Granada is food for the Christian dogs. [*Walks to one side.*]

Enter BOABDIL, not noticing Almamen—Scrolls of Parchment in hand.

Boabdil. These scrolls of Arabian learning, what do they teach? to despise wealth and power, to hold the heart to be the true empire. This then is wisdom [*Discovers Almamen.*] Ah! Almamen, well met, [*Almamen bows, but remains silent.*] my friend your counsels often soothe me into quiet, yet in such hours quiet is a crime. But what do? who struggle? how act? alas! at the hour of my birth, rightly did they call me Boabdil, the unlucky.

Alm. Light of the faithful, the powers above never doomed man to perpetual sorrow, nor perpetual joy. The cloud and the sunshine are alike essential to the heaven of our destinies; and, if thou hast suffered in thy youth, thou hast exhausted the calamities of fate, and thy manhood will be glorious and thine age serene.

Boab. Thou speakest as if the armies of Ferdinand were not already around my walls.

Alm. The armies of Sennacherib were as mighty.

Boab. Wise seer, we, the Musselmen of Spain, are not the blind fanatics of the Eastern world.

Alm. While my lord, the king, respects the fanaticism of belief, [*excitedly.*] he does not reject the fanaticism of persecution. You disbelieve the stories of the Hebrews, yet you suffer the Hebrews

themselves to be ground to the dust and tortured by your judges, your informers, your soldiers and your subjects.

Boab. The base misers! they deserve their fate. Gold is their God, and the market-place their country.

Alm. Your laws leave them no ambition, but that of avarice. The Hebrews were not traffickers and misers in their own sacred land. Let this pass, my lord rejects the belief in the agencies of the Angels; doth he still retain belief in the wisdom of mortal men?

Boab. Yes, for of the one I know nought; of the other, mine own senses can be the judge. Almamen, Muza hath urged me to gird on yonder shield and scimeter, and to appear in the Vivarambla at the head of the nobles of Granada. My heart leaps high at the thought. If I can not live, at least I will die—a king.

Alm. It is nobly spoken.

Boab. You approve then my design?

Alm. The friends of the king can not approve the ambition of the king to die.

Boab. Ha! thou thinkest, then, I am doomed to perish in this struggle?

Alm. As the hour shall be chosen, wilt thou fall or triumph.

Boab. And that hour?

Alm. Is not yet come.

Boab. Dost thou read the hour in the stars?

Alm. Let Moorish seers cultivate that fanatic credulity; thy servant sees in the stars worlds mightier than this little earth, whose light would neither wane nor wink, if earth itself were swept from the infinities of space.

Boab. Mysterious man! whence then is thy knowledge of the future?

Alm. Oh king! this is my power, of other worlds know I naught; but of the things of this world, whether men, or, as your legends term them, Ghouls or Genii, I have learned something. To the future I myself am blind; but I can invoke and conjure up those whose eyes are more piercing; whose natures are more gifted.

Boab. Prove me thy power.

Alm. [*Starting off.*] Be thy will obeyed. To-morrow night I wait thee.

Boab. Where? [*Comes back and whispers to the king.*] A fearful spot!

Alm. So is the Alhambra itself, great king; while Ferdinand is without the walls, and Muza within the city.

Boab. Muza! dardest thou mistrust my bravest warrior?

Alm. What wise king will trust the idol of the king's army? [*Speaking low and excitedly.*] did Boabdil fall to-morrow by a chance javelin, in the field, whom would the nobles and warriors place upon his throne? doth it require an enchanter's lore to tell thee it would be Muza?

Boab. Oh wretched state! oh miserable king! am I never to have a friend?

Alm. A friend! what king ever had?

Boab. [*Excited.*] Away man! away! your cold and bloodless wisdom freezes up all the veins of my manhood! leave me! I would be alone! [*King starts off.*]

Alm. We meet to-morrow, at midnight, mighty Boabdil. May the king live forever. [*Exit Almamen at R. king L.*]

END OF SCENE ONE.

SCENE II.—*Garden of Almamen's Palace—Wing of Palace on R, with Practicable Window—Moonlight.*

MUZA enters over Garden Wall, gives low whistle and claps his hands as Signal—LEILA appears at Window above, then comes into Garden.

Muza. Ah, Leila my beloved! Muza awaits thee.

Leila. Hush, speak low, I fear that our interviews are suspected, and this may be the last time we shall meet.

Muza. Say not so, Leila. Sweet love, why this mystery? why can not I learn thy origin, thy rank, thy parents? think you, beautiful Leila, that Granada holds a house lofty enough to disdain the alliance with Muza Ben Abil? sweet love if not too high to scorn me, what should war against our loves?

Lei. Alas! the mystery thou complainest of is as dark to myself as thee. How often have I told thee that I know nothing of my birth or childhood fortunes, save a dim memory of a more distant and burning clime; where amidst sands, and wastes, springs the everlasting cedar, and the camel grazes on stunted herbage withering in the fiery air. There it seemed to me that I had a mother; fond eyes looked on me, and soft songs hushed me to sleep.

Muza. Thy mother's soul has passed into thine.

Lei. Borne hither, I passed from childhood into youth within these walls, slaves minister to my slightest wish; and, they tell me, that treasures and splendor, that might glad a monarch are prodigalized around me. My father, a stern and silent man, visits me rarely. Sometimes months pass and I see him not.

Muza. Know you not his name?

Lei. Nor I, nor any of the household, save, perhaps, Ximen, the chief of the slaves, an old and withered man, whose very eye chills me into fear and silence.

Muza. Strange. Yet why think you our love is discovered or can be thwarted?

Lei. Hush! [*Looking about.*] Ximen sought me to-day. "Maiden," said he, "men's footsteps have been traced within the gardens; if your sire know this you will have looked your last upon Granada. Learn," he added, in a softer voice as he saw me tremble, "that permission were easier given thee to wed the wild tiger, than to mate with

the loftiest noble of Granada." "Beware!" he spoke and left me. Oh, Muza, my heart sinks within me! and omen and doom rise dark before my sight.

Muza. By my father's head these obstacles but fire my love; and I would scale to thy possession, though every step in the ladder were the corpse of a hundred foes. [*An arrow whizzes by as he finishes speaking.*]

Lei. Fly! fly and save thyself!

Muza. [*Turns and looks in direction from which arrow came, places hand on dagger, turns and kisses Leila farewell*]

Good night! good night sweet!

Lei. Good night! oh God, protect him! [*Muza escapes over wall—*
[*exit LEILA.*]

Enter ALMAMEN and Slaves.

Alm. Spared! but haply for a more miserable doom. [*Exit omnes*]

END OF SCENE SECOND.

SCENE III.—*Cavern or Vault under Almamen's Palace—Rough Stone Table, with Skull and Lighted Tapers, several Flasks of Wine, Old Armor, &c.*

Enter LEILA, ALMAMEN and XIMEN by Stairs from above—Ximen closes and bolts the door.

Lei. [R. C. near footlights.] God of my fathers! I bless thee! he escaped unharmed! and yet how may I pray for him? we kneel not to the same Divinity and I have been taught to loathe and shudder at his creed! alas! how will this end? fatal was the hour when he first beheld me, in the palace gardens; more fatal still the hour in which he crossed the barrier, and told Leila that she was beloved by the hero whose arm was the shelter, whose name is the blessing of Granada. Ah me! ah me!

[*Returns to back of Cavern as Ximen closes door and comes down—*
[*Almamen, who reclines on couch, speaks.*]

Alm. Ximen, fill out wine! it is a soothing counsellor, and I need it. [*Ximen takes flask from wall and fills cup.*]
Fill to thyself old man; drink till thy veins feel young. [*He drinks.*]
Ximen, how many of our race have been butchered by the Moorish kings since first thou didst set foot within the city?

Ximen. Three thousand. [*Musing.*] Ay, the number was completed last winter by order of Jusef, the vizier; and their goods and coffers are transformed into shafts and scimeters, against the dogs of Galilee.

Alm. [*Slowly.*] Three thousand, no more, three thousand only! I would the number had been tripled, for the interest is becoming due!

Xim. Ay! ay! my brother, and my son, and my grandson are among the number.

Alm. Their monuments shall be in hecatombs of their tyrants. They shall not, at least, call the Jews niggards in revenge.

Yim. Pardon me, noble chief of a fallen people, thinkest thou we shall be less dispoiled and trodden under foot by yon haughty and stiff-necked Nazarenes, than by the Arabian misbelievers?

Alm. Accused in truth are both, but one promises more fairly than the other. I have seen this Ferdinand and his proud queen; they are pledged to accord us rights and immunities we have never known before in Europe.

Yim. And they will not touch our gold?

Alm. Out on thee—I would all the gold of earth were sunk into the everlasting pit; it is this mean, and miserable, and loathsome leprosy of avarice that gnaws from our whole race the heart, the soul, nay, the very form of man! [*Crosses the stage.*] Ximén dost thou feel assured that mine own countrymen, mine own tribe know me not as one of them? were my despised birth and religion published, my limbs would be torn asunder as an impostor, and all the arts of the Cabala could not save me.

Yim. Doubt not, great master; none in Granada, save thy faithful Ximén, know thy secret.

Alm. So let me dream and hope.

Yim. You resolve then upon prosecuting vengeance on the Moors, at whatsoever hazard of the broken faith of these Nazarenes?

Alm. Ay, the vapor of human blood hath risen unto heaven, and collected into thunder clouds, that hang over the doomed and guilty city. And now, Ximén, I have a new cause of hatred to the Moors. The flower that I have reared and watched, the spoiler hath sought to pluck it from my hearth. Leila—thou hast guarded her ill Ximén, and wert thou not endeared to me, by thy very malice and vices, the rising sun should have seen thy trunk on the waters of the Darro.

Yim. My lord—

Alm. Away huckster! out of my sight! [*Exit XIMÉN.*] Leila!

Lei. [*Coming forward.*] Did my father call?

Alm. [*Sits himself and motions Leila to be seated.*] These tears are fresh upon thy cheek. They are the witness of thy race; our daughters are born to weep, and our sons to groan! ashes are on the head of the mighty, and the fountains of the beautiful run with gall! oh, that we could but struggle! that we could but dare! that we could raise our heads and unite against the bondage of the evil doer! it may not be, but one man shall avenge a nation! enough of these thoughts, which thou a woman and a child are not formed to witness. Leila thou hast been nurtured with tenderness. Harsh and unloving I may have seemed to thee, but God knows I would have shed the best drops of my heart, to have saved thy young heart a single pain.

Lei. My father—

Alm. Nay, listen to me silently. That thou mightest one day be worthy of thy race, and that thy hours might not pass in indolent and weary lassitude, thou hast been taught the lessons of a knowledge

rarely given thy sex. These scrolls and lessons of our seers, have imparted to thee such of our science, and our history As may fit thy mind to aspire and thy heart to feel for a sacred cause. Thou listenest to me, Leila?

Lei. Yes my father, I listen.

Alm. [*Rises, lifts his right hand and places his left on the shoulder of Leila.*] Then arise and curse the persecutors! daughter of the great Hebrew race, arise, and curse the Moorish task master and spoiler!

Lei. [*Falls at Almamen's feet and clasps his knees.*] Oh, spare me! father, spare me!

Alm. [*Looks at her in surprise.*] God of Abraham! [*Plays nervously with handle of dagger, pulls it out and throws it at his feet.*] Degenerate girl! If thou hast admitted to thy heart one unworthy thought towards a Moorish infidel, dig deep and root it out, even with that knife—So wilt thou save these hands from that degrading task.

[*Rushes off as curtain falls—Pauses at door—Tableaux.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Palace of Ferdinand.*

FERDINAND, VILLENA, PEREZ and others discovered.

King Ferdinand. You see Villena, our best hopes of speedily gaining the city is rather in the dissension of the Moors than our own sacred arms. The lion does not disdain to serve himself of the fox; and fortunately we have now in Granada an ally that fights for us. I have actual knowledge of all that passes within the Alhambra. I trust that an intrigue by which Boabdil's jealousies are aroused against his general Muza, may end either in the loss of that able leader, or in open rebellion or civil war. Treason within Granada will open its gates to us.

Villena. Upon what grounds your majesty builds these hopes of dissension among the Moors, I know not; but it is clear, that we should relax no energy within our means, but fight while we plot, and seek to conquer while we do not neglect to undermine.

Fer. You speak well my lord, and you yourself, shall lead on a strong detachment to-morrow, to lay waste the Vega. Perez, has the person from Granada yet arrived?

Perez. Sire, yes; accompanied by a maiden.

Fer. He hath kept his word; let him enter.

Enter ALMAMEN and LEILA.

Almamen. When last, great king, I was admitted to thy presence, thou didst make question of the sincerity and faith of thy servant. Lo, I place under your kingly care, this maiden; sole child of my house, as surety of my truth. I trust to thee a life dearer than my own.

Fer. You have kept faith with us stranger, and the maiden whom you intrust to our charge, shall be ranked with the first ladies of our royal court.

Alm. Sire, you now hold the power of life and death over all for whom this heart can breathe a prayer or cherish a hope, save for my countrymen and my religion. This solemn pledge between thee and me, I render without scruple, without fear. To thee I give a hostage; from thee I have but a promise.

Fer. But it is the promise of a king, a christian and a knight; among monarchs what hostage can be more sacred? let this pass. How proceed affairs in the rebel city?

Alm. May this maiden withdraw, ere I answer my lord the king?

Fer. What, ho Perez, accompany this maiden to the queen's pavilion. [PEREZ starts forward.]

Leila. Oh, my father! what have I done? why send me from thee? why intrust thy child to a stranger? spare me,—spare me!

Alm. [Leading Leila to R of front.] Child of my heart, even as Abraham offered up his son, must I offer thee upon the altar of our faith; but oh, Leila, even as the Angel of the Lord forbade the offering, so shall thy youth be spared; and thy years reserved for the glory of generations yet unborn. [Presses her to his bosom and kisses her, then walks to other side of stage.]

Lei. [After pause.] Man deserts me, but I will not forget that God is over all. Lead on, I follow thee. [Exeunt PEREZ and LEILA.]

Fer. And now, how proceed our hopes?

Alm. Boabdil is aroused against both his army and their leader, Muza. Ere I left the city, Muza himself was in the prison of the palace.

Fer. How?

Alm. This is my work. It is these hands that are shaping for Ferdinand of Spain the keys of Granada.

Fer. And right kingly shall be your guerdon. Meanwhile, accept this, earnest of our favor. [Offers him a gold chain from neck.]

Alm. [Throwing it on ground.] I sell not my foes for gold, great king! I sell my foes to buy the ransom of my friends.

Fer. Churlish. [Aside.] But speak on man, speak on.

Alm. If I place Granada, ere two weeks are passed within thy power, what shall be my reward?

Fer. Dost thou talk of immunities to the Jews?

Alm. I demand for the people of Israel free leave to trade and abide within the city, and follow their callings, subjected only to the same laws and the same imports as the christian population.

Fer. [Haughtily.] The same laws and the same imports; humph! There are difficulties in the concession. What if we refuse?

Alm. Refuse! our treaty is ended. Give me back the maiden; you will have no further need of the hostage you demanded; I return to the city and renew our interviews no more.

Fer. Thou usest plain language, my friend; thou art in my power and cannot return save at my permission.

Alm. I have your royal word sire, for free entrance and safe egress; break it and Granada is with the Moors until the Darro runs red with the blood of her heroes.

Fer. Art thou thyself of the Jewish faith, that thou wouldst make these outcasts of the world so dear to thee?

Alm. My fathers were of that creed, royal Ferdinand, and if I myself desert their creed I do not desert their cause. Oh, king, are my terms accepted?

Fer. I accept them; provided first, that thou obtainest the exile or death of Muza; secondly, that within two weeks from this date, thou bringst me along with the Chief Counsellors of Granada, the written treaty of the capitulation and the keys of the city. Do this, and though the sole king in christendom, who dares the hazard I offer to the Israelites throughout Andalusia: the common laws and rights of citizens of Spain. And to thee I will accord such dignity, as may content thy ambition.

Alm. [*Bows, draws from his breast a scroll which he places before the king.* This writing, mighty Ferdinand, contains the articles of our compact.

Fer. How knave! wouldst thou have us commit our royal signature to conditions with such as thou? the king's word is the king's bond.

Alm. [*Cooly takes up scroll and shrugs shoulders.*] My child! will your majesty summon back my child? we would depart.

Fer. [*Aside.*] A sturdy mendicant, this, by the Virgin. Give me the paper, I will scan it.

[*He finally signs the scroll—Almamen takes it up, kisses it reverently and places it in his breast.*

And how stranger, can I trust that man that distrusts one king and sells another?

Alm. Dost not thou, the lord of armies betray thine enemy? the Moor is an enemy bitterer to myself than thee. Because I betray an enemy am I unworthy to serve a friend?

Fer. Thou art a subtle reasoner, my friend. Peace go with thee; our conference for the time is ended. What oh, Perez, thou hast left the maiden with the queen?

Perez. Sire, you have been obeyed.

Fer. Conduct this stranger to the guard who led him through the camp. He quits us under the same protection. Farewell; yet stay, thou art assured Muza is in the prisons of the Moor?

Alm. Thou hast my surety, great king.

END SCENE I.

[*Exit Omnes.*

SCENE II.—Room in palace of Alhambra—Noise of Shouting outside.

Enter 1ST SOLDIER and AMELIA.

Amelia. What means these boisterous shouts? the guards and Alfaqis seem beside themselves with joy.

1st Sold. Bosh! don't bother one, when one is thinking.

Am. Thinking! I warrant you think of naught but eating. But come, tell why this noise.

1st Sold. And if you will know, thou piece of ignorance, Muza has been released from prison.

Am. Released! why I heard nothing of his imprisonment. Now tell us thou wise one, thou chief counsellor to the king, thou prophesyer of good dinners, how came this about?

1st Sold. Oh, the importunity of these bowels! in faith I am so hungry I can not stay to tell thee.

Am. But I have the key of the queen's pantry.

1st Sold. Hast thou, indeed? then listen.

Am. In faith I am so hungry I can not stay to hear thee.

1st Sold. But thou shalt hear if I starve in telling thee. You must know. The king being jealous of Muza, on account of certain prophesies of Almamen concerning his future greatness—but hush, here comes the king. [Exit both.]

Enter BOABDIL R. and MUZA L.—Boabdil followed by guards.

Boab. Forgive me Muza, forgive me. How could I have wronged thee thus. [*Embraces Muza.*] Yes, Muza, your example shames, but it fires me—Granada henceforth shall have two chieftains; and, if I be jealous of thee, it shall be from an emulation thou canst not blame. Guards retire. Ho, Mesnour! proclaim at day-break that I myself will review the troops on the Vivarambla. Yet stay! seek me thyself at day-break, and I will give thee my commands.

Muza. Why hesitate great king? why waver? prosecute thine own kingly designs, and—

Boab. [*Looking about.*] Hush! Muza, when in our younger days, we conve sed together, do you remember how often that converse turned upon these solemn and mysterious themes, to which the sages of our ancestral land directed their deepest lore?

Muza. Yes, sire, well do I remember it.

Boab. Thou wonderest what this should lead to—listen! Two nights since I was with the dead. My father appeared before me—not as I knew him in life, but wan, calm and shadowy. From lips on which Azrael had set his livid seal, he bade me beware of thee! With one hand raised he pointed where burned like an orb of gloomy fire, a broad dial-plate, on which were graven these words: “Beware,” “Muza,” “Beware.” The finger of the dial moved rapidly around and rested at the word “Beware.” Under the influence of this warning I issued the order for thy arrest.

Muza. Commander of the faithful! pardon thy friend, wert thou alone, or was the Santon, Almamen, thy companion?

Boab. Why the question?

Muza. I fear his truth. The Christian king conquers more foes by craft than force; his spies are more deadly than his warriors. This Almamen—Who is he? a stranger not of our race and blood. But

this morning I found him without the walls not far from the Christian camp.

Boab. Ha! and what said he?

Muza. Little but in hints; sheltering himself by loose hints under thy name.

Boab. Ha! what dared he own? *Muza*, what were those hints?

Muza. My Lord, as we did try by means of threats and bribes to squeeze the truth from him, we were beset by a party of Spanish horsemen. The foremost fell by *Almamen's* hand, but ere we could render him timely rescue, he was o'erpowered and carried off in chains.

Boab. It is a strange and awful man, guards and chains will not detain him; ere long he will return. But thou, at least, *Muza*, art henceforth free alike from the suspicions of the free, and the warnings of the dead. No, my friend, it is better to lose a crown; nay, life itself! than confidence in a heart like thine. Once again, *Muza*, will I inspect the magic tablet—Perchance, the hour may have arrived.

[*Exit BOABDIL.*]

Muza. So brave, and yet so weak; so weak, and yet so obstinate; so wise a reasoner, yet so credulous a dupe. Unhappy *Boabdil*! the stars, indeed, seem to fight against thee, and their influence at thy birth marred all thy gifts and virtues with counteracting infirmity and error.

XIMEN enters L.

Xim. What fool's errand is this that I am on—to seek my master in the king's palace. Alack, a day! alack, a day! he has been gone a weary while, and I am as wild of the chase here as in the land of Israel. [*Sees Muza.*] Master, canst thou tell me aught of *Almanen*, the *Santon*?

Muza. [*Starts.*] By the Prophet, this is the haggard that prowls about the gardens of *Leila*. [*Starts eagerly toward him.*]

Xim. Nay master; nay, I meant not to offend.

Muza. Hush! fear me not, I am a friend. Thou art old, man; gold is ever welcome to the aged. [*Gives him gold.*]

Xim. Charitable young man! generous, benevolent, excellent young man.

Muza. Now then—*Leila*, the maiden, tell me of her; is she well?

Xim. I trust so—I trust so noble master.

Muza. Trust so! *Know* you not of her state?

Xim. Not I; for many nights I have not seen her, excellent sir. She hath left *Granada*; she hath gone.

Muza. Gone! left *Granada*—woe is me,—and whither? There, there, more gold for you. Old man tell me whither?

Xim. Alas! I know not, most magnanimous young man. I am but a servant; I know nothing.

Muza. When will she return?

Xim. I can not tell thee.

Muza. Who is thy master? Didst say Almamen? [*Aside.*] Can she be his daughter?

Xim. Nay master, I said not Almamen. My master, good sir, is a Moor; a wealthy Moor of Africa; but he hath gone, he but seldom visits us. Granada is not so peaceful a residence as it was; I would go too if I could. Thou hast done with me young warrior? [*Muza motions him away.*]

Pleasant dreams to thee, under the new moon. Farewell, bless thy charity to the poor old man! [*Exit Ximen.*]

Muza. Leila gone! What, ho Gazan!

Enter GAZAN.

Arm, Gazan, arm! let the trumpets sound to arms—Now shall the Darro flow with blood! throw wide the gates; [*Bugles play.*] sound, trumpets, sound; Granada now is my only mistress! [*Business.*]

END ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cell of Tribunal.*

Enter GUARDS with ALMAMEN in chains—HIGH ALTAR PRIEST at head of table—Several PRIESTS seated—GUARDS at back.

Priest. Prisoner, a less haughty and stubborn demeanor might have better suited your condition; but no matter, our church is meek and humble. We have sent for thee in a charitable and paternal hope; for, although as spy and traitor, thy life is already forfeited, Yet would we fain redeem and spare it to repentance—that hope mayst thou not forgoe, for the nature of all of us is weak and clings to life, that straw of the drowning seaman.

Alm. Priest, if such thou art, I have already, when first brought to the christian camp explained the causes of my detention among the troops of the Moors. It was my zeal for the King of Spain that brought me into that peril. Escaping from that peril, incurred in his behalf, is the King of Spain to be my accuser and my judge. If, however, my life now be sought as the grateful return for the proffer of inestimable service, I stand here to yield it. Do thy worst! and tell thy master that he loses more by my death than he can win by the lives of twenty thousand warriors.

Priest. Cease this idle babble; nor think thou couldst ever deceive with your empty words, the mighty intellect of Ferdinand of Spain. Thou hast now to defend thyself against still greater charges, than those of treachery to the king whom thou didst profess to serve. Yea, unbeliever as thou art, it is thine, to vindicate thyself from blasphemy against the God thou shouldst adore. Confess the truth: Thou art of the tribe and faith of Israel.

Alm. Man is a judge of the deeds of men, but not of their opinions. I will not answer thee!

Priest. Pause—we have means at hand that the strongest nerves and the stoutest hearts have failed to encounter. Pause,—confess!

Alm. Thy threat awes me not. But I am human, and since thou wouldst know the truth, thou mayst learn it without the torture. I am of the same race as the Apostles of thy church. I am a Jew!

Priest. He confesses.—write down the words. Prisoner, thou hast done wisely; and we pray the Lord that, acting thus, thou mayst escape both the torture and the death. And in that faith thy daughter was raised? Answer.

Alm. My daughter! there is no charge against her! by the God of Sinai and Horeb you dare not touch a hair of that innocent head!

Priest. Answer.

Alm. I do answer: She was brought up, no renegade to her father's faith.

Priest. Write down the confession. Prisoner, but few more questions remain; answer them truly and thy life is saved. In thy conspiracy to raise thy brotherhood of Andalusia, to power and influence—or as you didst craftily term it, to equal laws with the followers of our blessed Lord,—in thy conspiracy (by what dark acts I seek not now to know) to entangle in wanton affections to thy daughter the heart of the Prince of Spain,—Silence! I say—be still! in this conspiracy, thou wert aided, abetted or instigated by certain Jews of Andalusia—

Alm. Hold Priest! thou didst name my child. Do I hear aright? Placed under the sacred charge of a king and a belted knight, has she—oh answer me, I implore thee—been insulted by the licentious addresses of that king's own lineage? Answer! I am a Jew,—but I am a father and a man.

Priest. This pretended passion deceives us not; reply to the question put to thee: name thy accomplices?

Alm. I have told thee all. Thou hast refused to answer me, I scorn and defy thee; my lips are closed!

[Priest motions to attendants who draw back curtains and reveal headsmen with ax and block.]

They strike off his fetters and lead him to the block.

He pauses suddenly.

Alm. Priest, the tidings that thou didst communicate to me respecting the sole daughter of my house and love, confused me for a moment. Suffer me but for a single moment to recollect my senses, and I will answer without compulsion, all thou mayst ask. Permit thy questions to be repeated.

Priest. Prisoner, could we save thee from pain, even by the anguish of our own flesh and blood, heaven is our judge that we would willingly undergo the torture which with grief and sorrow we ordain to thee. Pause! take breath,—collect thyself. Three minutes shalt thou have to consider what course to adopt, ere we repeat the question. But then beware how thou triflest with our indulgence.

Alm. It suffices. I thank thee. *[Aside, walking down c.]* Now must I

resort to artifice. I know a secret passage 'neath this vault; if this avails me not, then perish the race of Issachor.

Turns suddenly on guard and stabs him; strikes rock, flames dart out and Almamen disappears.

Chord in Orchestra.

Priest. The fiend hath been amongst us. Heaven protect us!

SCENE CLOSES.

SCENE II. *Room in Palace of Queen. LEILA discovered seated at window.*

Leila. How many, many weary nights have I watched from this window, to where Granada lifts her shining towers; and yet no tidings. Oh, Muza can it be that thou too hast forgotten me?

Zerlina. Speak you of your father, madam?

Lei. My father? nay sweet child, I spoke not of my father. Ah, how selfish is this thing of love. I had forgot I had a father; and so methinks he has forgot his child, or else some evil has befallen him. Zerlina, thy harp; my soul is weary and wants the bath of music.

[ZERLINA plays and sings.

Softly, Oh softly glide,
Gentle music, thou silver tide;
Bearing the lull'd air along,
This leaf from the Rose of Song.
To its port in his soul let it float,
The frail but the fragrant boat.
Bear it soft air along.

Lei. [Interrupting her.] Peace, break off,—see there the christian horsemen have bound a captive Moor. Haste child, and ask how fares the Lion of Granada; how fares the noble Muza. If he be well, rich shall be thy reward; if he be dead,—nay I'll not think on it. [Exit Zerlina.] Oh, Muza, what were ten thousand fathers to a love like thine.

Reenter ZERLINA.

Zer. Good my lady, the noble Muza's dead;—slain they say, in yesterday's battle.

Lei. Muza dead! then life and love and hope farewell; now will I hesitate no longer, but in the living grave of some dark convent's walls, I will abide while life remains. Muza, I still am thine!

PAGE announces QUEEN. *Enter QUEEN.*

Queen. Maiden, I fear thou hast been strangely harrassed; think of it no more, if thou wilt accept the asylum offered—

Lei. [Falls on one knee.] Ah, madam, most joyfully, most gratefully will I accept any asylum which proffer solitude and peace.

Queen. The asylum, to which I would fain lead thy steps, is indeed one whose solitude is holy; whose peace is that of heaven. Thou wilt not hesitate to quit the camp?

Lei. Hesitate madam? ah, rather how shall I express my thanks.

Queen. I did not read that face misjudgingly. Be it so: we will not lose another night. Withdraw yonder through the inner door, the litter shall be straight prepared for thee; and at midnight thou shalt sleep in safety under the roof of one of the saintliest convents that our realm can boast. Thou shalt bear with thee a letter, that shall commend thee especially to the care of the Mother Superior. Thou wilt find her of a kindly and fostering nature. And, oh maiden, steel not thy heart against her; listen with ductile senses to her gentle ministry. And may God and his Son prosper that pious lady's counsel, so that it may win a new straying to the Immortal Fold.

[*LEILA starts off—stops suddenly at door c.*

Lei. Pardon me, gracious queen, but dare I ask thee one question; it is not of myself?

Queen. Speak and fear not.

Lei. My father,—hath aught been heard of him? he promised that ere the fifth day were past he would once more see his child; and alas that date is past, and I am still alone in the dwelling of the stranger.

Queen. Unhappy child, thou knowst not his treason nor his fate. [*Aside.*] No doubt there are reasons sufficient to forbid your meeting. But thou shalt not lack friends in the dwelling of the stranger. Take comfort, poor child,—weep not, all have their cares; our duty is to bear in this life, reserving hope for the next.

[*Leila falls on knees before queen—takes her hand.*

Lei. Are you too unhappy? I will pray for you to my God.

Queen. And thy prayers shall avail thee and me when thy God and mine are the same.

[*Exit LEILA.*

Queen. [*Looking after LEILA.*] Go my sweet convert, thou art now the object no longer of my compassion but my envy; and earnestly do I feel convinced of the blessed repose thy spirit will enjoy in the lap of the Mother Church. Happy are they who die young; but thrice happy they who die in the spirit rather than the flesh; dead to sin, but not to virtue; to terror, not to hope; to man, but not to God!

[*Enter ALMAMEN—unobserved lays his hand on shoulder of Queen—he holds a knife over her—she gives a faint shriek.*

Alm. Hush! utter a cry! breath more loudly than thy wont, and queen though thou art, in the center of swarming thousands, thou diest.

Queen. What is thy purpose? wouldst thou murder me?

Alm. Thy life is safe, if thou strivest not to elude or deceive me. Our time is short. Answer me! I am Almamen, the Hebrew. Where is the hostage rendered to thy hands? I claim my child. She is with thee—I know it! in what corner of thy camp?

Queen. Rude stranger, thy daughter is removed, I trust, forever, from thine impious reach. She is not within the camp.

Alm. Lie not, Queen of Castile, [*He raises his knife.*] I have tracked thy steps; followed thy march; haunted even thy slumbers, though

men of mail stood as guards around them; and I know my daughter has been with thee. Think not I brave this danger without resolves the most fierce and dread. Answer me! where is my daughter?

Queen. Many hours since thy daughter left this castle for the house of God; It was her own desire. The Savior hath received her into his fold.

Alm. [*After pause.*] Great God! the fiend hath again deceived me. But I will be revenged!

[*He rushes behind scenery and sets fire to palace—red lights—enters with torch in hand—queen screams and faints.*

Let Ferdinand look to it! woe to the champions of the Cross, if the White Banner of Almamen floats on the wind? Beware! [*Exit.*
Soldiers rush on as curtain descends—Tableaux.

END ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Interior of Boabdil's Palace.*

Enter BOABDIL and AMINE—sound of trumpets and drums—burst of artillery outside.

Amine. May the king live forever! His armies have gone forth to conquer.

Boabdil. But without their king; and headed by one that shames his master. I am meshed in the nets of inextricable fate.

Am. Oh, my lord! would that these humble lips dared utter other words than those of love.

Boab. And what wise counsel would you give me? speak on.

Am. I will obey thee, then, even if it displeases.—I am a daughter of Granada; I am the beloved of a king; I will be true to my birth and to my fortunes; Boabdil El Chico, the last of a line of heroes, shake off these gloomy fantasies, these doubts and dreams that smother the fire of a great nation and kingly soul! Awake! arise! rob Granada of her Muza.—Be thyself her Muza. Trustest thou to magic and to spells? then grave them on thy breast plate! write them on thy sword! and live no longer the dreamer of the Alhambra. Become the savior of thy people!

Boab. Out of the mouth of women cometh my rebuke—it is well!

Am. [*Falling at his knees.*] Pardon me. Pardon me, but blame me not that I would have thee worthy of thyself. Wert thou not happier, was not thy heart more light and thy hope more strong, when at the head of thine armies thine own scimeter slew thine own foes, and the terror of the Hero-King spread in flame and slaughter from the mountains to the seas? Boabdil, dear as thou art to me—equally as I would have loved thee hadst thou been born a lowly fisherman of the Darro—since thou art a king, I would have thee die a king; even

if my own heart broke as I armed thee for the latest battle.

Boab. Thou knowest not what thou sayest, Amine, nor canst thou tell what spirits that are not of earth dictate to the actions, and watch over the destinies of the rulers of nations. If I delay, if I linger, it is not from terror, but from wisdom. The cloud must gather on dark and slow, ere the moment for the thunderbolt arrives.

[*ALMAMEN enters suddenly unobserved from behind scene, completely armed, with white banner in hand.*

Almamen. On thine house will the thunderbolt fall, since over thine own house thou sufferest the cloud to gather.

Boab. [*Starts.*] Almamen! Your presence is unexpected.

Almamen. Ay, and unwelcome; so is ever that of your true friends.

Boab. Hold, Santon. I am still a king—nor will I be thus bearded by such as thou—withdraw.

Alm. Nay, hear me. King of Granada the hour hath come at last; go forth and conquer. With the christian monarch there is no hope of peace or compact. At thy request I sought him, but spells alone and my own cunning, preserved the life of thy herald. Rejoice! for thine evil destinies have rolled away from thy spirit like a cloud from the glory of the sun. The Genii of the East have woven this banner from the rays of benignant stars. It shall beam before thee! It shall rise over the rivers of Christian blood! As the moon sways the bosom of the tides, it shall sway and direct the surges and the course of war.

Boab. Man of mystery, thou hast given me a new life.

Alm. And fighting by thy side I will assist to carve out for thee from the ruins of Arragon and Castile the grandeur of a new throne. Arm, Monarch of Granada—Arm! I hear the neigh of thy charger in the midst of mailed thousands.

Boab. We will, we will—what, ho! summon our alfaquis!—we will proclaim a holy war. The sovereign of the lost possessions of the Moors is in the field. Not a town that contains a Moslem but shall receive our summons, and we will gather round our our standard all the children of our faith.

All. [*Shout.*] May the King live forever!

[*Bugles and business.*]

SCENE II—ACT IV.

Field of battle near Granada—the Alhambra in the distance—enter army of BOABDIL.

Boabdil. Men of Granada, the advance of the enemy is to their destruction. Let us forth, each and all. We will leave our homes unguarded—our hearts shall be their wall! True that our num-

bers are thinned by famine and by slaughter, but enough of us are yet left for the redemption of Granada. Nor are the dead departed from us—their souls animate our own. He who has lost a brother becomes twice a man.

[*Bugle sounds in distance—enter Moorish soldier.*]

Soldier. My Lord the foe is on the march. They come this way.

Boab. So let it be—king against king we fight, let Allah decide between us. Give me a truer sword—where is the prophet Almamen?

Alm. [*Coming forward.*] Before the great king—

Boab. And the charmed banner is still thine?

Alm. Ay, and where it floats there is victory.

Boab. 'Tis well, Muza! [*MUZA comes forward and bows to king*] Fight thou by my side—on this battle we set all. Empire or Exile, Liberty or Chains—Forward! [*Shouts, trumpets, &c. Exeunt omnes.*]

[*Enter party of soldiers fighting—the christians are driven back—a cry of alarm and moors cross stage in confusion—MUZA follows calling after them.*]

Muza. Hold, cravens, do ye fly in the sight of your wives and daughters? Would ye not rather they beheld you die?

Soldiers. The Santon's banner is in the hands of the infidel—all is lost! [*They continue fleeing.*]

[*Enter ALMAMEN covered with blood.*]

Alm. I have been juggled with—not thus will I yield. The genii have forsaken me. The white banner fell before the cross. Ha!—this wound—

[*Enter PRINCE JUAN.*]

Prince. Where art thou, O jewish dog, that would play the warrior?—where art thou Almamen?

Alm. Before thee, perjured prince of the Nazerenes—now we have met at last—now by the God of Sinai thou shalt pay for the insult to my daughter. No longer prince and jew—monarch and dervise, but man to man we fight. I am Almamen—die!

[*They fight—the PRINCE falls dead—ALMAMEN drops sword, staggers and falls—flourish of drums—moorish soldiers flee across stage.*]

Alm. Leila thou shalt be avenged—help! Bind up this wound.

[*Soldier supports him.*]

Soldier. My Lord, our pursuers are on us—the horsemen of the Spaniards—Hark! hear you not the sound of their rushing steeds?

Alm. Let them come on; these limbs are sacred from the rack.

[*Exit, supported by soldier.*]

SCENE III—ACT IV.

Noise of war still heard without—enter BOABDIL and MUZA.

Boabdil. By the prophet, the Christians fight hard. The Santon, Muza, the Santon, came he not within the walls?

Muza. He has not been seen, my lord. Some say that he is slain.

Boab. Nay, nay. Believe it not, Muza—he cannot die.

[*Enter Queen Mother.*] My son, dost thou return and not a conqueror?

Boab. Mother?

[*Enter hastily, AMINE, falls about his neck.*

Armene. My beloved! my king! Light of my soul, thou hast returned. Welcome, for thou art safe.

Boab. Thou seest, my mother, how great the contrast between those who love us from affection, and those who love us from pride. In adversity, God keep me, O my mother, from thy tongue. [*Trumpet sounds.*] Hark, the trumpet!

[*Enter a messenger.*

Messenger. The heralds of Ferdinand of Spain, great king, are at the gates—they demand the immediate surrender of the city on such terms as before presented, or else it is the intention of the Christian king to give it up to pillage ere to-morrow's sun.

Boab. Say to them, their monarch shall have our answer ere night fall.

[*An old man, chief of the Alfaquis, approaches and kneels at the feet of Boabdil.*

Old man. O king! fight not against the will of fate. Son of a race of heroes! would that thy servant had fallen dead, ere the lips of a moorish noble had been polluted by the words that I now utter. Our state is hopeless; our granaries are as the sands of the desert; there is in them life for neither man nor beast. The war horse that bore the hero is now consumed for his food, and the population of the city with one voice cry for chains and bread.

Boab. Muza, thou hast heard all; what is the last counsel that thou canst give thy sovereign?

Muza. King of Granada, this is the counsel of Muza: Let us arouse the people. Two hundred thousand inhabitants are yet within the walls; of these, twenty thousand at least are moors who have hands and swords. Hitherto we have depended too much upon the nobles. Let us collect our whole force and march again to the attack. Hear me, O God and Prophet of the Moslem! hear one who never was forsworn. If, Moors of Granada, ye adopt my counsel, I cannot promise ye victory, but I promise ye never to live without it. I promise ye at least independence—for the dead know no chains. If we cannot live, let us so die that we may leave to remotest ages a glory that shall be more durable than kingdoms.

Boab. Warriors and sages, as Muza's counsel so is my desire, say but the word and ere the hour glassshed its last sand, the blast of our trumpet shall be ringing through the Vivarambla. [*Pause—no answer from crowd.*] Alas! if our voices, Muza, fall thus coldly upon our warriors and nobles, how can ye stir the breadless and heartless multitude. Is it your general wish that the city be surrendered? [*A murmur of yes*

from crowd.] Go then, Abdelemic, go with yon Spaniards and throw wide our gates that the foe may enter. The crown has passed from the head of Boabdil, fate sets her seal upon my brow. [*All bow in silence.*]

Muza. Women, not men, ye weep as if ye had not blood still to shed! Ye are reconciled to the loss of liberty because ye are told that ye shall lose nothing else; fools and dupes! I see from the spot where my spirit stands above ye, the dark and dismal future to which ye are crawling on your knees—bondage and rapine—the violence of lawless lust—the persecution of hostile faith—your gold wrung from you by torture—your national name rooted from the soil. Bear this and remember me! Farewell Boabdil! You I pity not; for your gardens have yet a poison, your armies a sword. Farewell nobles and santons of Granada, I quit my country while it is yet free. [*Exit MUZA*
[*The gates are thrown open and Christians enter as curtain drops*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Lonely wood near Granada.*—*Enter ALMAMEN.*

Almamen. Dread and prophetic spirit that art within me this then is the spot, that by dream and vision thou hast foretold to me, wherein to consummate my vow. Night after night hast thou brought before mine eyes, in darkness and in slumber, the solemn solitude that I now survey. Be it so—I am prepared.

Enter MUZA.

Muza. Fiend or Santon, whatsoever thou art, what seekest thou in these lonely places, far from the king thy counsels deluded, and the city betrayed by thy false prophecies and unhallowed charms?

Alm. Ha! by thy black plume and the tone of thy haughty voice, I know the hero of Granada. Rather tell me, Muza ben Abil, why art thou absent from the last hold of the Moorish Empire?

Muza. Dost thou pretend to read the future, and art thou blind to to the present? Granada has capitulated to the Spaniard. Alone I have left a land of slaves, and shall seek in our ancestral Africa, some spot where the foot of the misbeliever hath not trodden.

Alm. The fate of one bigotry is then sealed, but that which succeeds it is yet more dark.

Muza. Dog! What art thou that thus blasphemest?

Alm. [*Drawing scimeter.*] A Jew, a despised and despising Jew! Ask you more? I am the son of a race of kings. I was the worst enemy of the moors, till I found the Nazarene more hateful than the Moslem, and then even Muza himself was not their more renowned champion. Come on if thou wilt, man to man, I defy thee!

Muza. No! no! Thy mail is rusted with the blood of the Spaniard, and this arm cannot smite the slayer of the Christian.—Part we in peace.

Alm. Hold, prince, is thy country the sole thing dear to thee? Has the smile of women never stolen beneath thine armor? Has thy heart never beat for softer meetings than the encounter of a foe?

Muza. I am human and a Moor. For once you devine aright; and could thy spells bestow on these eyes but one more sight of the last treasure left to me on earth, I should be as credulous of thy sorcery as Boabdil.

Alm. Thou lovest her still then, this Leila?

Muxa. Dark necromancer, hast thou read my secret, and knowest thou the name of my beloved one? Ah! let me believe thee indeed wise. Yes, Allah forgive me! but when all was lost at Granada, I had still one consolation in leaving my fated birth place. I had license to search for Leila. I had the hope to secure to my wanderings in distant lands, one to whose glance the eyes of the houris would be dim. But I waste words. Tell me where is Leila and conduct me to her.

Alm. Moslem, I will lead thee to her—I will lead thee to her—follow me. It was only yesternight that I learned the walls that confined her, and from that hour to this, I have journeyed over mountain and desert without rest or food.

Muza. Yet, what is she to thee?

Alm. Thou shalt learn full soon—let us on. I have reserved the bravest of the moors to witness a deed worthy of the descendant of Jephtha.

[*Excunt ALMAMEN and MUZA.*]

END SCENE I.

SCENE II—ACT V.

LEILA seated at table on which crucifix and death's head—low music of organ—goes and kneels at crucifix.

Leila. Support me, O Redeemer, support thy creature! Strengthen her steps in the blessed path, though it divide her irrevocably from all that on earth she loves. [*Rises and walks to table.*] Love! ah! in that one poor word as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection. Ah Muza, Muza! we may never, never meet again below, but it is a solace to pray that we may meet above. [*Sits dejected.*]

[*During introduction of MUZA, LEILA does not look towards him.*—

Enter Abbess followed by MUZA in disguise of priest or friar.

Abbess. Daughter I have brought thee the comfort of a sacred visitor. The Queen of Spain whose pious tenderness is maternally anxious for thy full contentment with thy lot, has sent hither a holy friar, whom she deems more soothing in his counsels than our brother Tomas, whose ardent zeal often terrifies those whom his honest spirit only desires to purify and guide. I will leave him with thee. May the saints bless his ministry. [*Exit Abbess.*]

[*MUZA closes door carefully and sits on stool at other side of table.*

Muza. Daughter, it is a rugged and mournful lot this renunciation.

of earth and all its fair destinies. Confide in me, child. I am no dire inquisitor, seeking to distort thy words to thine own peril. Beneath these robes still beats a human heart. Confide in me without fear. Dost thou not dread the fate they would force upon thee? Dost thou not shrink back? Wouldst thou not be free?

Lei. [*Hesitatingly.*] No, sire, no.

Muza. [*Earnestly.*] Pause, pause; there is yet time.

Lei. [*With surprise.*] Nay, even were I so weak, escape now is impossible. What hand could unbar the gates of the convent?

Muza. [*Eagerly.*] Mine! Yes, I have that power. In all Spain but one man can save thee, and I am he.

Lei. You! And who are you that could resist the fiat of Tomas de Torquemada, before whom the crowned heads of Castile and Arragon bow low?

Muza. [*In deep, half whispered voice.*] Leila, listen to me. Isabel of Spain, selected a friar of suasive eloquence and gentle manners to visit thee. He was charged with letters to your abbess from the Queen. Soft though the friar, he was yet a hypocrite—nay hear me out—he loved to worship the rising sun, and did not wish always to remain a simple friar, while the church had higher dignities of this earth to bestow. There was one, Leila, who burned for tidings of thee, whom thine image haunted, who loved thee with a love he knew not of till thou wert lost to him. Why dost thou tremble? Listen yet. To that lover came the monk; to that lover the monk sold his mission. The lover took his garb, and he took the letters and hastened hither. Leila! beloved Leila! behold him at thy feet.

[*Raises cowl and drops on his knees.*]

Lei. [*Utters a faint cry.*] You, Muza! my beloved! [*Speaking abstractedly.*] Oh, my God! why have you forsaken me?

Muza. Hear me, Leila. Fly with me. Leave this sepulcher ere the last stone close over thee forever! I have horses, I have guards at hand. This night all can be arranged. Yes, this night, Leila, thou mayst be rendered up to earth and love.

Lei. Nay, Muza, it cannot be; it cannot be.

Muza. Oh bethink thee, bethink thee well of the consequences of thy refusal; thou canst not see them yet. But when hour after hour, day after day, year after year, steals on in the appalling monotony of this sanctified prison; when thou shalt see thy youth withering without love, thine age without honor, then will thy grief be rendered tenfold by the despairing thought, that thine own lips sealed thine own sentence. Oh Leila! do not, do not reject me. You know not how rare, how deep a love you cast away. [*LEILA bows her head on table and weeps.*] Oh Leila, loook at yonder sunbeam struggling through thy cell; is it not a messenger from the happy world? Does it not plead for me? Does it not whisper to thee of the green fields and laughing vineyards, and all the beauties of that earth thou art about to renounce forever? Dost thou dread my love? Are the forms

around thee, ascetic and lifeless, fairer to thine eyes than I? Dost thou doubt my power to protect thee? I tell thee that the proudest musselmen of Spain would flock around my banner, were it necessary to guard thee by force of arms. Yet speak the word—be mine, and I will fly hence with thee to climes where the church has not cast out its deadly roots, and forgetful of wars and fame live alone for thee.

Lei. Oh Muza! tempt me not, tempt me not. Irrevocable is the fate that holds me! Go thou alone. Pursue the great destinies that await you. And if you forgive, if you still cherish a thought of the poor Jewish maiden, soften, alleviate, mitigate the wretched and desperate doom that awaits the fallen race she has abandoned. [*Starts off.*]

Muza. Stay, Leila, take time at least to pause and consider. Let me see thee again to-morrow.

Lei. No, Muza, no—not again. Thou knowest not how deeply I love you—mine honor—

Muza. Hold! Name it not. I torment, I harass you no more. I release you from any importunity. [*Walks toward door.*] Farewell, Leila—farewell! We shall meet again in heaven. [*Exit MUZA.*]

Lei. Farewell, Muza!—my last, my only love! [*Exit LEILA.*]

SCENE III—ACT V.

The chapel room of convent with elevated altar—lighted candles burning—music by organ and chorus of nuns—crowd of peasants gazing in at door—group of nuns on each side of altar—several monks on platform of altar, among whom is Muza disguised.

Enter TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA followed by LEILA and several nuns—

TOMAS and LEILA in white—they kneel at altar—chorus—a shout heard from crowd outside—ALMAMEN rushes in.

Almamen. Speak! speak to me or I shall be turned to stone by one horrid thought. It is not before that symbol that thou kneelest in adoration?

Lei. Oh! father—

Alm. Be dumb. [*Totters back.*] Mad! mad! yes, this is but a delirium, and I am tempted with a devil. Oh my child! [*Seizes LEILA.*]

Tomas. [*Holds up crucifix.*] Avaunt, abandon here thy sorcery; thine arts cannot avail thee. Release the devoted one of God.

Alm. She is mine! She is my daughter. I claim her from thee as a father, in the name of the great sire of man.

Tomas. Seize the sorcerer! Seize him!

[*ALMAMEN springs with LEILA to first step of altar.*]

Alm. Back! [*To crowd.*]

Lei. [*Falling at his feet.*] Oh, my father! Wrestle not against the decrees of heaven. Thy daughter is not compelled to her solemn choice. Humbly and devotedly a convert to the christian creed, her only wish on earth is to take the consecrated and eternal vow.

Alm. Ha! [*Releases his hold and LEILA falls on her knees.*] Then have I been told, as I have foreseen, the worst. The veil is rent—the spirt hath left the temple. Thy beauty is desecrated, thy form is but unhallowed clay. Dog! [*Glaring on Tomas.*] this is thy work; but thou shalt not triumph. Here by thine own shrines, I spit at and defy thee as once before, amidst the tortures of thy inhuman court. Thus—thus—thus, Almamen, the jew, delivers the last of his house from the curse of Galilee. [*Stabs LEILA.*]

Muza. [*Rushing from crowd.*] Hold, madman! Hold!

Lei. [*Falling into Muza's arms.*] Strike him not, Muza—hold thy sword—we two must meet where murderers enter not—Ah! where art thou, love?—I see thee not—one kiss— [*She dies.*]

Muza. Speak to me, Leila! Speak again!

Alm. Ay, she will speak to thee from that hot-hell where thy soul must keep her company.

Priest. Seize him! 'Tis the santon of the white banner!

All. The Jew?

Alm. Yes, the jew! Come on ye howling demons! The son of Issachar defied ye living and he'll defy ye dead! [*Soldiers rush upon him with spears as curtain descends.*]

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